

True Feelings - Bulma's Point Of View

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Summary: One of the many ways Vegeta and Bulma might have gotten together. From Bulma's point of view, of course ^_^

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Author's Note: This is yet another

How-Bulma-And-Vegeta-Might-Have-Got-Together fic (like there weren't enough of them already). This one is rather short and might not be all that great (I did write it in the middle of the night while I was half asleep) so I hope you enjoy it. There's a bit of swearing, but I'm sure it's nothing you haven't heard before. I might one day write Vegeta's Point Of View, but I don't know. If anyone else would like to, go ahead, you'd probably write a better one than I could. Anyways, enough blabbering and on with the story!

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Why do I feel myself so attracted to him? Why Vegeta of all people! He's evil! Right? Plus, I got Yamucha. But, for some reason whenever I see Vegeta I just want nothing more than to be in his arms andâ€¦ No! I have to stop thinking this way! I'm with Yamucha, now and forever. I love Yamuchaâ€¦ right? If I truly loved him, then why would I be so attracted to another man? And Vegeta's not even a man! He's a Saiyajin! An evil one at that. But there's just something about him, something I can't resist, it's pulling me to him. Maybe it's because he is a Saiyajin and evil why I want him, it must be the danger of him that's so appealing to me. So why am I kidding myself? It's not like I have a chance with Vegeta anyway, he has no feelings. And if I did, he'd just shoot me away after he got what he wanted. Then why do I often catch him staring at me in that way? This is driving me nuts! I have to find out what he thinks of me, I want to

know what my true feelings are! Who is it that I love? Yamucha or Vegeta?

* * *

I walked through the halls of Capsule Corp. Towards the gravity room. I took a final look in the mirror. I was dressed sexy but not too much that I looked slutty. Just nice, hopefully nice enough that Vegeta would notice.

I came to the door to the gravity room, still debating in my head whether to go through with this or not. I looked at my watch. 6:27pm. Vegeta would be out any minute, he always comes out at this time to satisfy that enormous Saiyajin appetite of his.

And I was right. Vegeta came out the door, and me being the first thing he saw. He wasn't wearing a shirt, so I could clearly see all his muscles! God was he gorgeous! His body puts Yamucha's to shame!

"What do you want, woman?" he spat. Okay, so he can be a bit of an asshole sometimes!

"Nothing much," I smiled sweetly. Vegeta just looked at me like I was nuts.

"Hmph! Don't play games with me, woman! If you want something, say it!" he said impatiently.

Okay, it's not too late to bail! No, I'm doing this. If I don't, I'll never know. And what do I have to lose? My feelings, my dignity? No, I'm going for it. I walked up to him slowly until we were but inches apart. I ran my hand down his chest and brought my mouth to his right ear, "Maybe we can go upstairs and! well, you know," I said seductively.

I think he was catching on now, because a grin came to his face, "So did you finally get tired of that weakling human toy of yours?" he smirked.

At this moment, my heart was racing. I can't believe I'm doing this!

"Well woman, if this is what you want, I'm not going to argue with you." The next thing I knew was that he was kissing me. I kissed back and wrapped my arms around his neck. He pulled my body close to his as the kissing started to get passionate. Oh God, does this feel good! I wish I could be like this forever!

Vegeta picked me up in his arms and broke away from the kiss, "You know that if we do this, that means you're mine and mine alone. No more weak human, understand?" he told me.

"I'll be yours forever as long as you'll always be here for me."

"I will! Bulma." Vegeta's lips once again met mine.

He called me by name! For the first time ever! Maybe he actually does care for me, I know I care for him.

Vegeta then brought us to my room. Oh how this feels so right! And that I finally know who I love, and I'm with him nowâ€¦ till foreverâ€¦|

* * *

It was about two weeks later. I've been avoiding everyone. I can't let them know that I'm in love with Vegeta, they won't understand what I see in the Saiyajin prince, they just think that he's a cold-blooded murderer. But, there's more to him than that, he had a good side, I've seen it.

No, they won't understand. But I can't hide this forever, sooner or later people are going to notice it. Soon it'll become quite obvious.

* * *

I answered the door and was surprised to see Yamucha there.

"You've found someone else, haven't you?" he said coldly.

"What happened to saying hello?" I asked. What the hell was his problem?

"Answer my question, then I'll say hello," he said, still cold.

No point in lying, "As a matter of fact, yes. I have. Happy now?" I said in a cocky tone.

"Who Bulma? Who? Tell me so I can kick the hell out of him!"

"Ha! He's much stronger than you Yamucha! So I wouldn't try it!"

Yamucha pushed me against the wall. This wasn't like him, not at all. I could smell alcohol coming from his breath. So that's why he's being such a jerk, he's drunk!

"Who?! Tell me you little slut!" he pushed me harder. I'm getting scared now, he's drunk and doesn't really know what he's doing. He might even kill meâ€¦| God! Why did you have to go get drunk Yamucha? I felt like he would crush my body if he pushed me any harder into the wall. "Talk you fucking slut! Who is it?!" he looked like he was about to punch my face in. I closed my eyes, getting ready for the impactâ€¦| but, it never came. Suddenly, the weight that was pressing me to the wall was no longer there. I opened my eyes to see something I feared would eventually happen.

Vegeta was holding Yamucha by the throat in the air. He then shot Yamucha against the other wall, hard. But not so hard as to kill him.

Yamucha got up, "I should've known! So you're the little prince's bitch now, are you?" he said to me, giving me chills up my spine.

"I'd watch my mouth if I were you, human!" Vegeta warned him, "Because if you ever say anything like that again or even touch MY mate again, I swear that you will regret it!"

"Fuck you! Go to hell!" Yamucha spat at him.

Vegeta looked like he was ready to blow Yamucha into atoms, but for some reason, he didn't. "Leave human! You're not welcomed here anymore! And if I ever catch you near here, Bulma, or our soon to be child, you'll die a long suffering death!"

Yamucha looked shocked. "Child? So the bastard got you pregnant, huh Bulma? Well, I hope that you're happy, because it's not going to last forever. And don't come back crying to me when it ends." With that, Yamucha left, much to my relief that no one was seriously hurt.

Vegeta came up to me and gathered me in his strong arms. "Are you alright?"

I nodded, "I'm fine, and so is Trunks."

"Is that what you're naming the brat?" he smirked.

"Well I'm definitely not going to name him 'Vegeta'!"

"It's tradition, woman." He smiled at me, not smirked or grinned; smiled.

"I think I'm going to go rest, it's been a hectic day and I'm tired."

"I'll take you upstairs then." Vegeta picked me up and carried me to our room. "Vegeta?" I asked.

"What is it, woman?"

"I love you."

He looked at me in the eyes, "Hmph! I think you're the most annoying human to ever live," Vegeta replied. I smiled, because in my heart I know he meant to say that he loves me too.

The End

End
file.